Mission Hymns

S. Clement's Church · Philadelphia

1

How sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Sweetest note in Seraph's song,
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
JESUS!—JESUS!—JESUS!

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

—Amen.

2

I am Thine, O LORD; I have heard Thy Voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed LORD,
To the Cross where Thou hast died.
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed LORD,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, LORD,
By the power of Grace Divine.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

Oh! the pure delight of a single hour,
That before Thy Throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my GOD
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot touch
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

—Amen.

3

I hear Thy welcome Voice,
That calls me, LORD, to Thee,
For cleansing in the precious Blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

I am coming, LORD,
Coming now to Thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in the Blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure:
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis JESUS calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and Heaven above.

And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but bring the plea.

All hail, atoning Blood!
All hail, redeeming Grace!
All hail, the gift of CHRIST our LORD,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

—Amen.

4

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious LORD,
No tender voice like Thine,
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Ev'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my SAVIOUR,
I come to Thee.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Stay Thou near by:
Temptations lose their power,
When Thou art nigh.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain:
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises,
In me fulfil.

—Amen.

5

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Cross I cannot see,
But the Crucified is offer'd there,
And He was slain for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Flesh I cannot see,
But that Flesh is given to be our food,
And It was scourged for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Blood I cannot see,
But the Chalice glows with those red drops
On Calvary shed for me.

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Face I cannot see,
But Angels there behold the Brow
Thorn-crown'd for love of me.

JESUS, my Maker and my GOD,
Thy Godhead none may see,
But Thou art present, GOD and Man,
In Thy Sacrament with me.

—Amen.

6

Let me come closer to Thee, JESUS;
O! closer day by day,
Let me lean harder on Thee, JESUS,
Yes, harder all the way.

Let me show forth Thy beauty, JESUS,
Like sunshine on the hills,
O! let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness
In joyous sparkling rills.

Yes, like a fountain, precious JESUS,
Make me and let me be;
Keep me and use me daily, JESUS,
For Thee, for only Thee.

In all my heart and will, O JESUS,
Be altogether King,
Make me a loyal subject, JESUS,
To Thee in everything.

Thirsting and hungering for Thee, JESUS,
With blessed hunger here;
Longing for home on Zion's mountain,—
No thirst, no hunger there.

—Amen.

7

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Brow
With thorns was pierced for me;
O pour Thy blessing on my head,
That I may think for Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Hands
With nails were pierced for me;
O send Thy blessing on my hands,
That they may work for Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Feet
With nails were pierced for me;
O send Thy blessing on my feet,
That they may follow Thee.

O dearest LORD, Thy sacred Heart
With spear was pierced for me;
O shed Thy blessing on my heart,
That I may live for Thee.

—Amen.

8

Pass me not, O gentle SAVIOUR,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

SAVIOUR, SAVIOUR,
Hear my humble cry!
And, while others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Long, O LORD, I spurn'd Thy pleading,
And Thy love to me;
Heard Thy Voice but lived unheeding,
Now I turn to Thee.

Let me at the throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief:
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy Face:
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy Grace.

Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Keep me, SAVIOUR, ever faithful,
Till I reach Thy Home;
And I hear Thy Voice so welcome,
Saying, "Blessed, come!"

—Amen.

9

The Church of GOD a kingdom is,
Where CHRIST in power doth reign,
Where spirits yearn till, seen in bliss,
Their LORD shall come again.

Glad companies of saints possess
This Church below, above;
And GOD's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.

An Altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, Immaculate, Divine,
The lamb of GOD, the CHRIST.

There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise GOD on mystic Rood;
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take GOD's holy Food.

There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground;
And faith and hope fair blossoms show
And fruits of love abound.

O King, O CHRIST, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
To see the vision of Thy Face
In joy, O CHRIST, our King.

—Amen.

Think, O LORD, in mercy
On the souls of those
Who, in faith gone from us,
Now in death repose.
Here 'mid stress and conflict
Toils can never cease;
There, the warfare ended,
Bid them rest in peace.

Often were they wounded
In the deadly strife;
Heal them, Good Physician,
With the balm of life.
Every taint of evil,
Frailty and decay,
Good and gracious SAVIOUR,
Cleanse and purge away.

Rest eternal grant them,
After weary fight;
Shed on them the radiance
Of Thy heav'nly light.
Lead them onward, upward,
To the holy place,
Where Thy Saints made perfect
Gaze upon Thy Face.

—Amen.

Ye who own the faith of JESUS
Sing the wonders that were done,
When the love of GOD the FATHER
O'er our sin the victory won,
When He made the Virgin Mary
Mother of His only SON.

Hail Mary, full of grace.

Blessèd were the chosen people
Out of whom the LORD did come;
Blessèd was the land of promise
Fashioned for His earthly home;
But more blessèd far the Mother,
She who bare Him in her womb.

Wherefore let all faithful people
Tell the honor of her name,
Let the Church, in her foreshadowed,
Part in her thanksgiving claim;
What CHRIST's Mother sang in gladness
Let CHRIST's people sing the same.

Let us weave our supplications,
She with us and we with her,
For th' advancement of the faithful,
For each faithful worshipper,
For the doubting, for the sinful,
For each heedless wanderer.

May the Mother's intercessions
On our homes a blessing win,
That the children all be prospered,
Strong and fair and pure within,
Following our LORD's own footsteps,
Firm in faith and free from sin.

For the sick and for the agèd,
For our dear ones far away,
For the hearts that mourn in secret,
All who need our prayers today,
For the faithful gone before us,
May the holy Virgin pray.

Praise, O Mary, praise the FATHER,
Praise thy SAVIOUR and thy SON,
Praise the everlasting SPIRIT,
Who hath made thee ark and throne;
O'er all creatures high exalted,
Lowly praise the THREE in ONE.

—Amen.